

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride exprest.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glafte,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.
Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is disposed.
Bro. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dis-
I onelic haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.
Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.
Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and leaues news
of him.
Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?
Lad. 1. No.
Boy. What then, do you see?
Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.
Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-
ring.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderesse of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-
licitatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my
Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throat: if you swallowed loue
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you
snuff vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-
like ote the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and kept not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most are
affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But O, but O, how didst thou do it?

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbie-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hackney.

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A message well simpatis'd, a Horse to be em-
bassadour for an Ass.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorique,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Buller that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face,
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Page. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a
shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenny*
begin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenny*, no salue, in thee
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *Lenny*, no
Lenny, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vercue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes
me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take *salue* for *Lenny*, and the word *Len-
ny* for a *salue*?

Page. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *Lenny* a
salue? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faire.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *Lenny*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Ar. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding faure.

Page. A good *Lenny*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?

Cl. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat:
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Lenny*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenny*.

Cl. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came yo ur argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenny*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Page. I will tell you senciibly.

Cl. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenny*.

Costard running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Ar. We will talke no more of this matter.
Cl. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Ar. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.
Cl. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-
ny*, some Goose in this.

Ar. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-
bertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured,
restrained, captiuated, bound.

Cl. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Ar. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Page. Like the sequell I.
Signeur Costard adew. *Exit.*

Cl. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-
things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price
of this yncle? I, d, no, He giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this
word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
Cl. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slau, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Cl. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noon.

Cl. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Cl. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Cl. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noon.

Harke slau, it is but this:
The Princeesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine the

When tongues speak

And *Rosaline* they call

And to her white han

This seal'd vp counsa

Cl. Gardon, O sw

ration, a leuence-
don. I will doe it sir

Ber. O, and I for

I that haue beene loue

A verie Beadle to a hu

Nay, a night-watch C

A domineering pedan

Then whom no morta

This wimpled, whynin

This signior *Iunior* gy

Regent of Loue-rime

Th'annointed soueraig

Liedge of all loyterers

Dread Prince of Place

Sole Emperor and g

Of trotting Parrators

And I to be a Corpora

And weare his colours

What? I loue, I sue, I se

A woman that is like a

Still a repairing: euer

And neuer going a rig

But being watcht, that

Nay, to be periurde, w

And among three, to l

A whitly wanton, wic

With two pitch bals

I, and by heauen, one t

Though *Argus* were h

And I to sigh for her,

To pray for her, go to

That *Cupid* will impos

Of his almighty dread

Well, I will loue, writ

Some men must loue m

AD

Enter the Princeesse

Qu. Was that the

Against the steepe vpr

Boy. I know not, bu

Qu. Who ere a wa

Well Lords, to day w

On Saturday we will re

Then *Forrester* my frien

That we must stand an

For. Hereby vpon

A Stand where you ma

Qu. I thanke my b

And thereupon thou sp

For. Pardon me M

Qu. What, what? Fir

O short liu'd pride. No